RW. Nov. 30 1793

THE

Dispensary.

A

POEM.

In Six *CANTO'S.*

Sam[l] Garth

Quod licet, libet.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON,

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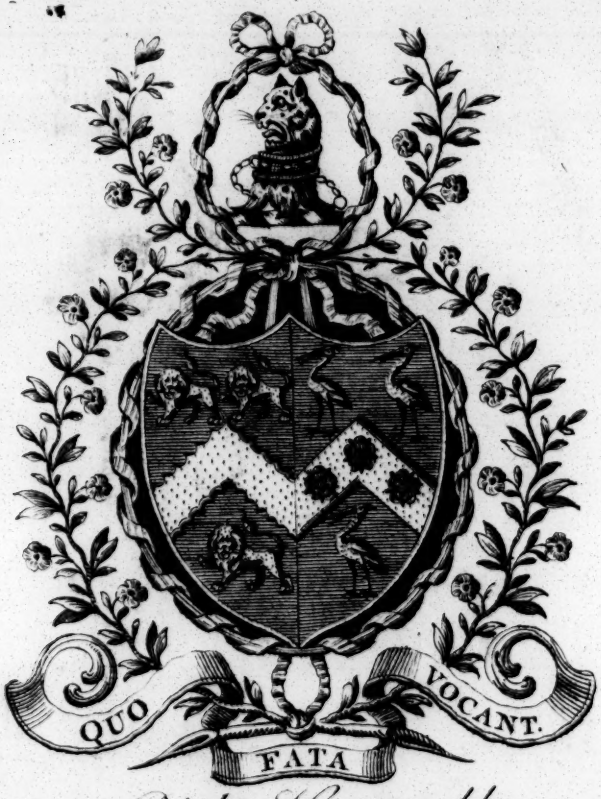

Right Honourable
Lord Chief Baron Smythe.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

1/-

991.k.27.

TO

Anthony Henley, *Esquire.*

— not Orator H.

A *Man of your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd Encourage one; for Merit, like a* Virgin's Blushes, *is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.*

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when they reflect on your Readiness to do Good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it own'd; They'll conclude, that

that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Perſon, who ev'n ſeems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I ſhou'd perſwade my ſelf to be ſilent upon all Occaſions; thoſe more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languiſh'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their preſent Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Reſtorers: Inſomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Muſick Raviſhes; and as you help to refine Our Taſte, you diſtinguiſh your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much, as what you Write your ſelf: But you are reſolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembring you are a Friend. To ſay more, wou'd be uneaſie to you, and to ſay leſs, wou'd be unjuſt in

Your Humble Servant.

L. E.

THE

PREFACE.

SInce this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the World, I cou'd not be ſurpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more ſay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publiſher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leiſure in Reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I cou'd but ſay the ſame of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Juſtification againſt the Cavils of ſome furious Criticks, who, I am ſure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury *Diſeaſe* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of preſent Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Inſtances, to juſtifie the Deſign; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent or hard, I ſtarted this Objection my ſelf, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this ſort of Criticiſm, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Receſs; and to be reveng'd on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an Introduction of ſeveral Perſons eminent in an Accompliſhment He has made ſome Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment leſs to any Great Genius mention'd there; ſince a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confeſs how happily They've all ſucceeded.

Their

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monſieur *Boileau*. I muſt own I am proud of the Imputation: unleſs their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Moleſſe*, *Canto* II. and in one in his Firſt *Canto*; the Senſe of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wiſh it were not the only good One in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material Objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious Perſons does me the Honour to ſay, He approves of the Concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other Reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the Concluſion. However, I ſhou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amuſement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſie to be loſt; its Purſuit is painful, and its Poſſeſſion unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animoſities among the Members of the *College of Phyſicians* encreaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally ſome of our diſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their Duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Obſervance of the Statutes by a Bond, which ſome of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the cuſtomary Oath; like ſome that will truſt their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with None. I was ſorry to find there cou'd be any Conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without Poiſon, and that there ſhou'd be a Proſpect of effecting

it

it by a leſs grateful Method than Reaſon and Perſuaſion.

The Original of this Difference has been of ſome ſtanding, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Exceſs till the time of Erecting the *Diſpenſary*, being an Apartment in the *College* ſet up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever ſince with an Integrity and Diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo Charitable a Deſign.

If any Perſon wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of ſo Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatiſe ſet forth by the Authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd *A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *in relation to the Sick Poor*. The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Riſe and Progreſs of this ſo Publick an Undertaking, but alſo of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt Ancient Members of the Society, notwith-

ſtanding the vigorous Oppoſition of a few Men, who thought it their Intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a Deſign.

The Intention of this Preface is not to perſuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being cenſur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſum'd to be engag'd in Diſhonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, againſt the Dignity of their own Profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe Characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Deſcription of the Battle is grounded upon a Feud that hapned in the *Diſpenſary*, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and ſome of the Servants that attended there, to diſpence the Medicines, and is ſo far real: tho' the Poetical Rela-

tion

tion be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author Scurrilous thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.

The Copy of an Inſtrument Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHereas *the ſeveral Orders of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *for preſcribing Medicins* gratis *to the Poor Sick of the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter, *and Parts adjacent, as alſo the Propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of* London, *in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with Medicins for their Cure at low and reaſonable Rates: we therefore whoſe Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a Charity, by the Counſel and good Liking of the Preſident and College declared in their* Comitia, *hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our ſelves to pay to Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *Fellow and Elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of Ten Pounds a piece of Lawful Mony of* England, *by ſuch*

ſuch proportions, and at ſuch times as to the major part of the Subſcribers hereto ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: Which Money when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell, *is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinſick Value, in ſuch Manner, and at ſuch Times, and by ſuch Orders and Directions, as by the major part of the Subſcribers hereto, ſhall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe. In Witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of* December, 1696. p. 25. 30.

Tho. Millington, *Præſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
Joh. Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth. *the Author.*
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas,
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.

W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walt. Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris,
John Woodward,
. . . , Norris.
George Colebrock.
Gideon Harvey.

The Deſign of Printing the Subſcribers Names, is to ſhew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as thoſe that oppoſe it, would unjuſtly inſinuate.

To

To Dr. G——th, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

OH that ſome Genius, whoſe Poetick Vein,
Like M*onta*gue's *could a juſt Piece ſuſtain,*
Would ſearch the Græcian *and the* Latin *Store,*
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt Oar.
In laſting Numbers praiſe thy whole Deſign,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit
Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, inſipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wiſdom in their Mein.
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
None will again Admire, moſt will Deſpiſe.
Show in what Noble Verſe Naſſau *you ſing, p. 3. 9.*
How ſuch a Poet's worthy ſuch a King.

When

*When S*ome*r's Charming Eloquence you Praiſe,*
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To Praiſe, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhould venture to Commend
*What D*enni*s can't Condemn, nor D*unton*-n Mend:*
What muſt, (writ with that Fire and with that Eaſe,)
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks pleaſe.

2 Spencer

C. Boyle.

To

To my Friend the Author, desiring my Opinion of his Poem.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame,
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.

I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.

Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste.

I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.

The Nymph has G—n's, C—l's, C—l's
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms (Charms
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.

Such

Such is thy Genius, and ſuch Art is thine,
Some ſecret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Juſt, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar Air.
Loſt in our Pleaſure, we Enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S*taffor*d, M*onta*gue.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themſelves unknown,
Will Damn thy Verſe, and Juſtifie their own.
Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard
Facetious M*urray* *and the City-*B*ard*
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.

Be

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to pleaſe the Beſt,
Whoſe Judgment, and whoſe Friendſhip is a Teſt.
With Learned H——s *thy healing Cares be join'd,* (Dr. Sloane)
Search thoughtful R——e *to his inmoſt Mind:*
Unite, reſtore your Arts, and ſave Mankind.
Whilſt all the buſie M——ls *of the Town* (mongrels)
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
When e'er thou wou'dſt a Tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious W——h *can beſt direct her Rage.*
To S——s, *and to* D——t *too ſubmit,*
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
Conſenting Phœbus *bows, if they Approve,*
And Ranks thee with the foremoſt Bards above:
Whilſt theſe of Right the Deathleſs Laurel ſend,
Be it my Humble Bus'neſs to Commend
The faithful, honeſt Man, and the well-natur'd (Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend, Dr. *Garth*, the Author of the *Diſpenſary*.

TO Praiſe your Healing Art would be in vain,
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire,
The dazling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffuſive Virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing Verſe, and elevated Senſe.
The Town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh Verſe,
Which Poetaſters ev'ry where rehearſe;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taſte,
And gather up th' Applauſe they threw in waſte.
The Play-houſe ſhan't Encourage falſe, ſublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.
The Satyr of Vile Scribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves ſevere:
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you ſeem to Smile the moſt, you Bite.

Tho. Cheek.

To my Friend, upon the *Diſpenſary.*

AS when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They ſee the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo *would return no more*
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Luſtre ſhine;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day,
And reach'd Perfection in you firſt Eſſay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others

Others proceed to Art by ſlow degrees,
Awkward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill whate'er their firſt Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, *from the Head of* Jove
Steps out full grown, with Nobleſt Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Deſcribe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with Expanded Wings,
To Sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's *Victories ſhe'll next rehearſe*
And raiſe a Trophy of Immortal Verſe:
Thus to your Art proportion the Deſign,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, *or a Future* Boyne.

H. Bloun

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO I.

SPeak, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt canſt (tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
Whence 'twas, Phyſicians were ſo frugal grown
Of others Lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a Journey to th' *Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry [1] Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;

[1] *Old Baily.*

Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in ſtate;
There ſtands a [2] Dome, Majeſtick to the Sight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the diſtant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Uſe as Noble as its Frame:
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Deſign;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, they ſtill purſu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here, ſhe's too ſparing; there, profuſely vain.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes.

2 *College of Phyſicians.*

An

And how the Viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
While from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
T' extinguiſh feav'riſh Heats with ambient Show'rs;
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T' extend its recent Form, and ſtretch to Man.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæſar*, and the Great *Naſſau*. -p. 80.

Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes.
All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,
Why *S*—— rages to ſurvive Deſire.
Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th' *Olympick*'s ſhown,
Whence Tropes to *F*——, or Impudence to *S*——
Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere,
Why *Me*—— muddy, *Montague* why clear.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cauſe to find,
How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind.
How Fumes of Wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt Hopes revive, and preſent Joys inſpire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Paſſions in the Features are.
How Touch and Harmony ariſe between
Corporeal Subſtances, and Things unſeen.

With

With mighty Truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the Womb of diſtant Cauſes lie.

But now thoſe great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning ſhone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Luſtre ſhine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains,
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his *Aſylum* choſe.
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes
The careleſs Deity ſupinely nods.
His leaden Limbs at gentle eaſe are laid,
With *Poppies* and dull *Nightſhade* o'er him ſpread;

No Paſſions interrupt his eaſie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Eaſe, and ſlumb'ring Life away:
A ſpiteful Noiſe his downy Chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and encreaſes as it flies.

Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn [3] Flint engage,
Till urg'd by Blows, it ſparkles into Rage.
Some temper Lute, ſome ſpacious Veſſels move;
Theſe Furnaces erect, and Thoſe approve.
Here Phyals in nice Diſcipline are ſet,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you ſpy;
In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lie.

3 *The Building of the Diſpenſary.*

While

While lifted Peſtles, brandiſh'd in the Air,
Deſcend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires aſcend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And their ſwoln Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Vulcano*'s groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies.

The ſlumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down agen.
Then, half erect, he rubb'd his op'ning Eyes,
And falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!

Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful Negligence, and Eaſe from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The *Northern* Monarchs from the duſty Field.
How have I kept the *Britiſh* Fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on Moſſy Beds, they waſte away,
In gentle Inactivity, the Day.
What Marks of wondrous Clemency I've ſhown,
Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face.
How ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double Chin.

Each

Each Faculty in Blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance:
But undiſturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and bloſſom in Decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of (Pray'r.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And, in return, I ask but ſome Receſs,
T' enjoy th' entrancing Extaſies of Peace.
But that, the Great *Naſſau*'s Heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
Still my Indulgence with Contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.

No

No threatning Seaſons his Reſolves controul,
Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
With Arms reſiſtleſs o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull Miſt, and thus went on.

Sometimes among the *Caſpian* Cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary Bats, and Swallows ſleep.
Or (if ſome Cloyſter's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers ſnore;)
Still *Naſſau*'s Arms a ſoft Repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since on the World his Bleſſings he beſtows,
And with a Nod has ſettl'd a Repoſe.

I ſought the Covert of ſome peaceful Cell,
Where ſilent Shades in harmleſs Raptures dwell;
That Reſt might paſt Tranquility reſtore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas! I thought I might Repoſe,
Theſe Walls were that *Aſylum* I had choſe.
Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are found,
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Duſt the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiſeleſs Doors.
But now I find ſome enterpriſing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Meſſage falls.

Since Mortals will diſpute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome Prince's Court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennyleſs confer,
Or in the Senate-houſe at *Weſtminſter*.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.
And what th' Event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait enclines
To blaſt their Hopes, and baffle their Deſigns.

More he had ſpoke, but ſudden Vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes.

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO II.

SOon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whiſper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay huſh'd in Subterranean Beds;
Officious *Phantom* did with ſpeed prepare
To ſlide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the hollow of ſome blaſted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hiſſing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Be-

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Graſs with ſickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
There crawl'd the meager Monſter on the Ground,
And breath'd a livid Peſtilence around:
A bald and bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
Down her wan Cheeks ſulphureous Torrents flow.
And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
Like *Ætna* with Metallick Steams oppreſs'd,
She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breaſt:
Then rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls.
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did ſome Immortal Action tell.

This

This ſhow'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
That, the fam'd Paſſage of the *Granick* Flood.
The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings diſplay;
And there, like ſetting Stars, the *Decii* lay.
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cocles* did the *Tyber*'s Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Perſians* join,
And, there, the wond'rous Battle of the *Boyn*.

As th' airy Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At lenth, aſſuming Courage, he eſſay'd
T' inform the Fiend, then ſhrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſy.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm,
Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at thoſe noble Ills the Fates deny:
Within this Iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs Mind?
Good *Tennison*'s Celeſtial Piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
Somers does ſick'ning Equity reſtore,
And helpleſs Orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to *Britain* endleſs Bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant Wings:
Great *Ormond* ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With Blazes of Hereditary Light.

When

When *De*——*re* (*vonshi*) appears, all Eyes confeſs
An eaſie Grandeur graces his Addreſs.
And *M*——*ld* (*aedona*) is active to defend
His Country, with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
Like *Leda*'s radiant Sons, divinely clear,
Portland and *Iertſey* deck'd in Rays appear
To Gild, by turns, the *Gallick* Hemiſphear.
Worth in Diſtreſs is rais'd by *Montague*,
Auguſtus liſtens if *Mæcenas* ſue.
And *Vernons* Vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She ſaid; and ſtrait ſhrill *Colon*'s Perſon took,
In Morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in Look.
Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall.*
And, when ſo dignifi'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks eaſe, and makes the Ladies fair.
In ſtarch'd Urbanity his Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects ſupplies.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
In haſte he ſtrides along to recompence
The want of Buſ'neſs with its vain Pretence.
The Fury thus aſſuming *Colon*'s Grace,
So ſlung her Arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her Pace.

Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoſcope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Manſion where the Vulgar run
T' increaſe their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wiſe.
By uſeful Obſervations he can tell
The ſacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Therſites* brave.
It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Finds Senſe in *Br*ownlo*w*, Charms in Lady Grace.
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoſcope* its Virtue knows,
To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;

[Pierpont-]

Perhaps not Grace but Case the Doctor's Wife, mentioned p. 39.

And fancies, that a Thouſand Pound ſupplies
The want of Twenty thouſand Qualities.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Preſcribe, and buſie to Apply.
+ His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eye employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domeſtick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from ſome huge *Shark*'s devouring Head
The flying Fiſh their finny Pinions ſpread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in muſty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dri'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid

+ "Sloane, the foremost Toyman of his time
(Love of Fame p. 49 bot.) A
NB. Sloane's toyshop, is now The Brit. museum

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes ſtand by Globes, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuſe the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Eaſe,
To promiſe future Health for preſent Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, ſolemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how ſoon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redreſs the Wrong,
When Fathers the Poſſeſſion keep too long.

And ſome wou'd know the Iſſue of their Cauſe,
And whether Gold can ſolder up its Flaws,
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To loſe by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curſe, and begs a Son.
Whilſt *Iris*, his Coſmetick *Waſh* wou'd try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuſe,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loſe.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Deſire, and ſurfeited with Charms,
A Hot-houſe he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak

Bleak Envy theſe dull Frauds with Pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs Myſteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On *Horoſcope* environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amuſements ceaſe,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while releaſe;
And to that dire Misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, Thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The Great *Alcides* of our Company.
When we with Noble Scorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Our ſelves from all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Succeſs.

Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Deſign,
If not to Storm, at leaſt to Undermine:
Their Gates each day Ten thouſand Night-caps crowd,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmask our Myſtery,
Each Nurſe, e'er long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaiſance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t' Aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn *Apothecaries* ſtrait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies Command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College* of *Phyſicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?

Crabs

Crabs Eyes as well with *Pearl* for Uſe may try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
Or *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.

In the Temple?

Our Manufacture now they meanly ſell,
And ſpightfully th' intrinſick Value tell: — Selling at prime Cost — as in preface, & 30 bot.
Nay more: Inhumanly They'll force us ſoon
T'exert our Charity, and be undone;
Whilſt We, at our Expence, muſt perſevere,
And, for another World, be ruin'd here.

At this, fam'd *Horoſcope* turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.
The Crowd in great Confuſion ſought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilſt in his Breaſt the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then ſought her Cell, and reaſſum'd her Form.

Thus

Thus from the Sore altho' the Inſect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Diſguiſe.

Officious *Squirt* in haſte forſook the Shop,
To ſuccour the expiring *Horoſcope.*
Oft he eſſay'd the *Magus* to reſtore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid Lumber lay
An Image of ſcarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Diſaſters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no ſooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the Stale Reſtorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenſil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the Fiſhy Smell, and th' Azure Goddeſs (own'd

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in Penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more,
Of what ſhrill *Colon* ſpoke the Day before.
Cowſlips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he ſpread,
And *Sydenham's* Works he laid beneath his Head.
But all thoſe Opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breaſt,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſs'd.

Oft

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to consult the Skies, I first begun:
Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,
I once thought my Predictions more than Guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain.
For the dull World most Honour pay to those
Who on their Understanding most impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself:
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show,
You'll hardly e'er convince a Fool, He's so:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye,
Which no Existence has but in the Eye.

Imitation.
" When I consider Life — 'Tis all a Cheat
" Men fool'd by Hope, yet favour the Deceit

At diſtance, Proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.

Mankind one Day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New Paſſions, new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, deſpiſe at Night:
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superſtitious Fear.
They Councel others, but themſelves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill Believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inſpect the Springs that guide each Appetite:

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Receſſes of the Univerſe,
Be Paſſive, whilſt the Faculty pretend
Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkneſs reign,
Be not the Fictions of a ſickly Brain;
That Project, the **Diſpenſary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, ſhall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes,
Shoots thro' the Chryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots o'recharg'd with nauſeous Loads reel home.
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waſte are (ſpread,
And Miſs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid.
The Sage tranſported at th' approaching Hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

* *Medicines made up there, for the uſe of the Poor.*

Offici-

Officious *Squirt* that moment had acceſs,
His Truſt was great, his Vigilance no leſs.
To him thus *Horoſcope*, ——————

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a Share;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When *Clyſter* was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To ſummon all the Company to th' *Hall*.

Away the truſty Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phyal Steam of *Harts-horn* flies.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to ſome Infernal Pow'r,
And draws Myſterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
Aſcends to blaſt the tender Bloom of Light.

No

No myſtick Sounds from *Hell*'s deteſted Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar He decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe*.
Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring,
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*.
And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
Of *Saſſafras* in Chips, and *Maſtick* Wood.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumſie Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
Then to the Hag theſe *Orizons* he ſent.

Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe ſoft Indulgence we perceive each Hour;
Thou that wou'dſt lay whole *States* and *Regions* waſte,
Sooner than we, thy *Cormorants*, ſhou'd faſt;
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
T'extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-ſtreet* end to fam'd St. *Giles*'s-*Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break through the Pile.

He ſpoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay-Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As *Theſe* conſume in this myſterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Diſpenſary* expire;
And as *Thoſe* crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Veſſels burſt, and Glaſſes flie.

* Extent of London at that time nearly

But a ſiniſter Cricket ſtrait was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* deſcends in ſable Streams,
To waſh his ſooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There ſtands a *Structure on a riſing Hill,
Where *Tyro*'s take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in theſe dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
That cou'd in *Æſon*'s Veins young Force renew
How ſanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent
When Pleaſure's paſt, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To loſe a Subſtance, to preſerve a Name.

*Apothecaries Hall.

Naiads — Things thrown in. Dead Dogs — So
Mr. Pope makes it the Scene of
much Filthy Dabbling. Dunciad

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Aſſembly *Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd.

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We had here met on ſome ſerene Deſign,
And on no other Bus'neſs but to Dine; p. 46.
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their Sway,
And Intereſt had taught us to obey;
Then we'd this only Emulation known,
Who beſt cou'd fill his Purſe, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Deſtruction pours,
Which threatens with mad rage our *Halcyon* hours:
Miſts from black Jealouſies the Tempeſt form,
While late Diviſions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when theſe Feuds, like thoſe at Law, are paſt,
The Winners will be Loſers at the laſt.

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we ſeek Renown,
To fire ſome hoſtile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Duſt againſt the Wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will ſhow,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were thoſe golden Days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptiſans* were ſold;
When Patients choſe to die with better Will,
Than live to pay th' *Apothecary*'s Bill.
And cheaper than for our Aſſiſtance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Prieſthood thriv'd, and Piety decay'd;
And Senates gave their Votes as They were paid.
Right was adjudg'd as Favour did prevail,
And Burgeſſes were made by nappy Ale.

But now no influencing Art remains,
For Somers has the Seal, and *Naſſau* reigns.
And we, in ſpight of our Reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' Effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill diſ-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſpeak the reſt,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage expreſt.

Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæans* Art,
At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature ſtart,

The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the ſight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, th'Itch a Leproſie.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, That we, the *Friends* o' Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of Lives,
Whilſt *Ruſſel*, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their Imperious Will,
Who out o' Conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring *Alps* ſhall ſooner ſink to Vales,
And *Leaches*, in our Glaſſes, ſwell to *Whales*;
Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal:
The Sick to th' Hundreds ſooner ſhall repair,
And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Eſſex* Air.

No, no, the Faculty ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our Force encreaſes, as our Funds grow leſs;

And what requir'd ſuch Induſtry to raiſe.
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no leſs wondrous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous Cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
Whole Troops of Quacks ſhall join us on the Place,
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Caſe.* p. 19 bot.
Tho' ſuch vile Rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt Prize.
Such poor Supports ſerve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its *Reſt* is torn away.

So Patriots in time of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
Imaginary Dangers they create,
And loath th' *Elixir* which preſerv'd the State.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Seſſion* ſeem'd to give Conſent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing diff'rence to compoſe,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like Pretence,
But th' Elder gain'd his juſt Pre-eminence;

Then he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was.

'Tis

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave;
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noiſie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exiſts by Hope and by Deſpair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unvail,
What we, thro' wiſer Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reaſon we ſhou'd quarrel with the Glaſs,
That ſhews the monſtrous Features of our Face?
Or grant ſome grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;

Soon

Soon they'll repent, what raſhly they begun,
Tho' Projects pleaſe, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties muſt this Succeſs expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If things of Uſe were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-houſe where the *Monument* is ſeen.
Or if the Voice of Reaſon cou'd be heard,
E'er this, Triumphal Arches had appear'd.

Then ſince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'reſt prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendſhip with a ſervile Air they court,
And their Clandeſtine Arts are our Support.

Them we'll conſult about this Enterpriſe,
And boldly Execute what they Adviſe.

But from below (while ſuch Reſolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick ſhook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* all the *Gyants* ſtrove
T' invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Aſs* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confuſion fled.

* *The Room th' Apothecaries meet in, is over the Labaratory.*

THE Diſpenſary.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater,
Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five repair;
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briſcoe* lately was undone by New:
There triumphs a *Phyſician* of Renown,
To ſcarce a Mortal, but himſelf, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He,
For th'Exerciſe of ſuch a Myſtery.

When

" It seems to mean Golden Lane or Grub Street & the Physician Munro of Bethlem for the poem begins in words used by Pope
" — Near to that place where Folly holds her thro
" and smiles to think Munro would pull her do
— Dunciad —

When *Burgeſs* deafens all the liſtning Preſs
With Peals of moſt Seraphick Emptineſs;
Or when Myſterious *F*—— mounts on high, Flecknoe. Fielding.
To preach his Pariſh to a Lethargy:
This *Æſculapius* waits hard by, to eaſe
The *Martyrs* of ſuch Chriſtian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town, It may mean Covent Garden.
For Lewdneſs, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatſoe'er Degree,
To blend and juſtle into Harmony.
The Criticks each advent'rous Author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as They like the Man.
The Politicians of *Parnaſſus* prate,
And Poets canvaſs the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.

The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.
The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
And in the Cloister pensive *Strephon* waits,
'Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine, p. 35.
And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
And stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun:

'Tis

Suppose the Great Bagnio in Long acre opposite to Hatchet the Coachmaker's nearly Covent Garden piazza.

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my Int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe Statutes, which on Oath I ſhould defend;
Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns ſhould find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandiſh Arms as well as Urinals. p. 26.

Oxford and all her paſſing Bells can tell, p. 38.
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly ask'd whole Months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.

Some

Some fell by *Laudanum*, and ſome by *Steel*,
And Death in Ambuſh lay in ev'ry Pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and muſt confeſs,
To Overſights we often owe Succeſs.
Thus *Beſſus* got the Battle in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its deſert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their Expence, ſhall find,
When Honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

H

* at this time, and for Sixty years after
Every physician wore a Sword
till it was burlesqued out of Fashion. p.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' Engagement with a Kiſs,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundleſs Friendſhip owe,
Our Files can ſpeak, and your Preſcriptions ſhow.
Your Ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilſt poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Caſe,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* firſt *Achaian* Fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus*'s Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of ſlain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raiſe,
Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finiſh'd in Ten Days.

Fate ſmiles on your Attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave reſiſt.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Succeſs,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Deſign ſly *Querpo* did agree,
A ſtubborn Member of the Faculty;
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age th' envenom'd Rancour ſhares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' Prey
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Grave *Carus* next diſcover'd his Intent,
With much ado explaining what he meant.

His Spirits ſtagnate like *Cocitus*'s Flood,
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows.
Legions of Lunaticks about him preſs,
'Tis he that can loſt Intellects redreſs.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books beſieg'd around.
The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Conſulting leſs their Reaſon than their Eyes.
And he perceives it ſtands in greater ſtead,
To furniſh well his Claſſes, than his Head.
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt enclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.

"Books for Mead & rarities for Sloane" p. 20.
Here, or page 44 may mean Dr. Mead.

Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Duſt and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuſe of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*;
And up theſe Shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiſs* Philoſophy, and *Daniſh* Rhimes.
And hither, reſcu'd from the *Grocers*, come
M——*ead's* Works entire, and endleſs Reams of *B*——*roo*m.
Where wou'd the long neglected *C*——*ibber* fly,
If bounteous *Carus* ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome *Carus* ſtill to read him o're.

Nor muſt we the obſequious *Umbra* ſpare,
Who, ſoft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when ſome Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies ſet on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Elſe courteous *Umbra* to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.

Wit

With Him, the Preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppiſh, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, diſcreet.
A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
Cæſar a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, Rowe.

Heroick Ardour now th' Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoſcope* thus offers to diſſwade;

Since of each Enterpriſe th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown. p. 48 bot.
Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long,
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
Which way he pleaſes, he can mould a Cauſe,
The Worſt has Merits, and the Beſt has Flaws.

Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
And Ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or*mond* ſuſpected, D*igby* innocent. Dudley.
Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, ſhall ſucceed,
Know, when I firſt invok'd *Diſeaſe* by Charms
T'aſſiſt, and be propitious to our Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* aſcend.

As *Heroſcope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*;

In vain your Magick Myſteries you uſe,
Such Sounds the *Sybil*'s ſacred Ears abuſe.
These

"Little Villains" swing — as p. 2

Bard — Sir Richd Blackmore
"Who sings so loudly and who sings so long

Theſe Lines the pale Divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions claſh,
And ſparks of Fire ſtruck out from Armour flaſh.
Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriors raiſe,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
†*Some raging ran with huge* Herculean *Clubs,*
Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore.———
**Naked and half burnt Hills with hideous Wreck,*
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

*K. *Arth.* p. 307. †K. *Ar.* p. 327. *Pr. *Ar.* p. 130.

**High Rocks of Snow, and ſailing Hills of Ice,*
Againſt each other with a mighty craſh,
Driv'n by the Winds, in rude rencounter daſh.
†*Blood, Brains, and Limbs the higheſt Walls diſtain,*
And all around lay ſquallid Heaps of Slain.

*Pr. *Ar.* p. 136. †K. *Ar.* p. 189.

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtrait (Weight.
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her
A noyſom Rag her penſive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.

Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?
In *Eſſex* Marſhy Hundreds is a Cell, -/v 38.
Where lazy Fogs, and driſling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring Quartans ſhake the ſickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent Hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future once rehearſe
The Diſſonance of ſuch unequal Verſe.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe, and ſink in Sound. 64 b

" Wrote to the Rumbling of his Chariot Wheels " } Harſh

Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None pleaſe the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Senſe and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *Wycherly*, conſider *Dryden* well.
In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy ſhine,
In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
If *Dorſets* ſprightly Muſe but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in ſoft Deſire,
And little *Loves* confeſs their am'rous Fire.
The *Tyber* now no courtly *Gallus* ſees,
But ſmiling *Thames* enjoys his *Nothers*.
And gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addiſon*.
As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the liſt'ning Fawns the Plains;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.

And

And *Britain*, ſince *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *Stanny* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *Prior* ſings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such juſt Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſore.
Oft tho' your Stroaks ſurprize, you ſhou'd not chuſe,
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *Montague*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from Sight,
Cry'd out, To Arms; ſo left the Realms of Light.
The Combatants to th' Enterprize conſent,
And the next Day ſmil'd on the great Event.

THE

THE

Diſpenſary.

CANTO V.

WHen the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies (crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's (Theme.
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies.
He finds no reſpite from his anxious Grief,
Then ſeeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.
There's none can die with due Solemnity,
Unleſs his Paſs-port firſt be ſign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd.
I give Reverſions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State ſupport;
But I, to make it eaſie, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented Matrons free,
And Ranſom Husbands from Captivity.
Then ſhall ſo uſeful a *Machin* as I
Engage in civil Broils, I know not why?
No, I'll endeavour ſtraight a Peace, and ſo
Preſerve my Honour, and my Perſon too.

But *Diſcord*, that ſtill haunts with hideous Mien
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,

O'er

O'er-heard *Mirmillo* reas'ning in his Bed;
Then raging inwardly the *Fury* ſaid;

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made *Soane* and *Edgwick* diſagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
And does my faithful *Ergu-ſon* profeſs
His Ardour ſtill for Animoſities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to inſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more ſecure?
Have I made Parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spight
T' embroil their Country, whilſt the common Cry,
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Miniſtry*?
And ſhall a Daſtard's Cowardiſe prevent
The War ſo long, I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, She ſaid;

I come, altho' at Midnight, to diſpel,
Thoſe Tumults in your penſive Boſom dwell.
I dreamt, but now, my Friend, that you were by;
Methought I ſaw your Tears, and heard you ſigh.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But ſure I find
Grief in your Looks, and Tempeſts in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your Soul, and troubles your Repoſe.
Erroneous Practice ſcarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What

What Looks diſcover, ſaid the Homicide,
Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.
My Safety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring Party with my Pen.

All ſhou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn,
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let *P*——*h* ſpeak, and *V*——*k* write,
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cæcinna* fight:
Such muſt ſucceed, but when th' Enervate aim
Beyond their Force, they ſtill contend for Shame.
Had *C*—— printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *S*——*fold* o' the Town.
Aſſes and Owls, unſeen, themſelves betray,
If Theſe attempt to Hoot, or Thoſe to Bray.

Had

Had *W*ithers never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Cenſures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* ſhou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Luſtre from their Foyle;
And to a *B*entley 'tis, we owe a *B*oyle.

Conſider well the Talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more wou'd make it leſs;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Penury of Senſe.
Haſpt in a Tombril, aukwardly you've ſhin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.

But ſoon, what They've exalted They'll diſcard,
And ſet up *Carus* or the City *Bard.*

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look;
My dread Reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtrait purſue;
The *Fury* ſatisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* ſpent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn ſmiles in the Eaſtern Sky,
From rifling ſilent Graves the *Sextons* fly.
The riſing Miſts ſcud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns.
The *Vi'lets* ope their Buds, *Cowſlips* their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn deſcries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,

Resurrection Men — are of long ſtand

And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where *Querpo* in his Armour ſhone the moſt.
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
A Foliage of diſſembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
Grav'd round its Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.
Emboſt upon its Field, a Battle ſtood
Of *Leeches* ſpouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſt the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave *Phyſicians* at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they Diſagree,
And how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
And whilſt one *Aſſaſſin* another plies
With ſtarch'd Civilities, the Patient dies.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone,
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.

A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool Pan.
His Creſt an * *Ibis*, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.
This, when the Young *Querpoïdes* beheld,
His Face in Nurſe's Breaſt the Boy conceal'd.
Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
But as the Monſter gap'd he'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes Joy prevail'd, and ſometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Paſſions were.

But *Fame* that whiſpers each profound Deſign,
And tells the Conſultations at the *Vine*;
And how at Church and Bar all gape and ſtretch,
If *W*——— but plead, or *O*——*y* preach;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.

* *This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it ſelf a Clyſter with its Beak.*

Diſorder'd

Diſorder'd Murmurs through the College paſs,
And pale Confuſion glares in ev'ry Face.
In haſte a Council's call'd, th' Occaſion's great,
And quick as Thought, the ſummon'd Members meet.
Loud *Stentor* to th' Aſſembly had Acceſs,
None aim'd at more, and none ſucceeded leſs.
True to Extreams, yet to dull Forms a Slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd a while, and thus addreſs'd the Chair.

Machaon, whoſe Experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant *Death*,
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his claſhing Teeth;
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day,
What you command, your Vaſſals muſt obey.

If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the Deſign.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To ſcatter our audacious Foes, or die.

What *Stentor* offer'd was by moſt approv'd;
But ſev'ral Voices ſev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous *Heroes* all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act defenſively.
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,
And, what their Chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haſte,
Which, on their Flank, for Palliſades are plac'd.
And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they ſtand,
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:

With

With unreſiſted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.
Then from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a miſſive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Puſh'd on by *Northern* Guſts, ſuch Horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* diſpute the Reign,
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Iſles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the ſtagg'ring *Braves*, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.

Each ſeizes for his Shield an ample *Scale*,
And the *Braſs Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
And th' empty Veſſels the Defeat reſound.

Thus when ſome Storm its Cryſtal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of *Ice* deſcends;
Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,
Whilſt down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-ſpread the Vale below.

But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battle grows.
From *Stentor*'s ſinewy Arm an Opiat flyes,
And ſtrait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus*'s Eyes.
Chiron hit *Siphilus* with *Calomel*,
And ſcaly Cruſts from his maim'd Forehead fell.

At

At *Colon* great *Japix* *Rhubarb* flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was (ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
Scribonius a vaſt *Eagle-ſtone* let fly
At *Pſylas*, but *Lucina* put it by.
And *Querpo*, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
Sprung thro' the Battle, *Stentor* to engage.
Fierce was the Onſet, the Diſpute was great,
Both cou'd not vanquiſh, Neither wou'd retreat;
Each Combatant his Adverſary mauls
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and ſtav'd *Urinals*.
But whilſt bold *Stentor*, (as late Rumors tell,)
Deſign'd a fatal ſtroke, the Hero fell;
And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* ſu'd.

When

When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from Infamy.
But to the loſt, if Pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young *Querpoïdes* thy Son;
Then pity mine; for ſuch an Infant-Grace
Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was by, Compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To Thee the lov'd *Diſpens'ry* I reſign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind.
But whilſt he view'd with Pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd * *Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toſs'd his threat'ning Head,
And fir'd with mortal Indignation, ſaid;

* *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries* Signetur Men.

Sooner

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His *Holineſs* ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*.
La Chaſe ſhall with the *Janſeniſts* agree,
The Inquiſition wink at Hereſie.
Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' *S——*'s Defence,
And *L——k* for Myſtery abandon Senſe.

With that, unſheathing an Inciſion Knife,
He offer'd at the proſtrate *Stentor*'s Life.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The *Chief* great *Pæan*'s golden Treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've ſeen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,

Sowrly

Sowrly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd in Blood.
But at the firſt appearance of a Fare
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe ſo his Enterprize recalls,
His Fiſt unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

THE

THE
Diſpenſary.

CANTO VI.

WHile the ſhrill Clangour of the Battle rings,
Auſpicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir*'s (Wings;
She ſeem'd a Cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
A Charm ſhe takes from each excelling Fair,
And borrows *Cary*l's Shape, and *Graf*ton's Air.
Her Eyes like *Ranel*agh's their Beams diſpence,
With *Church*ill's Bloom, and *Ber*kley's Innocence;
From her bright Lips a vocal Muſick falls,
As to *Machaon* thus the Goddeſs calls.

Enough

In the addresses to the author at the beginning.

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've (ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' *Elyſian* Fields, thoſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Where *Harvy* ſits among the Demi-Gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, He'll ſoon diſcloſe
The Method that muſt terminate theſe Woes.
Let *Celſus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His Conduct to the Shades ſhall be my Care.

Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in Fear,
A Form ſo Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,
Celſus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale Confuſion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marſhall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes;

The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
But ſoon as e'er th' imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes, the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddeſs with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement ſtrike; and ſtrait at her Command
Th' obedient Surface opens, and deſcries
A deep Deſcent that leads to nether Skies.
* *Hygeia* to the ſilent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* deſcends.

* *Health.*

Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds where ſleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themſelves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation* and the baſhful *Roſe*
Their Virgin Bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne*'s verdant Temples grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phœbus* and *Naſſau.*

The Inſects here their lingring Trance ſurvive:
Benum'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder Skies and ſofter Air.

Down

Down to theſe Cells obſcener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and ſlide in State.

Now, thoſe profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Oar.
Here, ſullen to the Sight, at large is ſpread
The dull unweildy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The more aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,
To th' Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.

So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymiſt's Fire.

Near Theſe the Delegate with Wonder ſpies
Where living Floods of Merc'ry ſerpentize:
Where richeſt Metals their bright Beams put on,
While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
Here he obſerves the Subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle Shells.
Some *Helicoeids*, ſome *Conical* appear;
Theſe, Miters emulate; Thoſe, Turbans are:
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend,
Their Subſtance petrifie, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

Con-

Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
Which hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noiſie Cave;
Where with hoarſe dinn impriſon'd Tempeſts rave:
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undiſturb'd by Form, in ſilence ſleeps.
A griſly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An aukward Lump of ſhapeleſs Anarchy.
With ſordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waſte.
Here Lumber, undeſerving Light, is kept;
A *P*——*p*'s Bill to this dark Region's ſwept:

Where Muſhroom Libels ſilently retire;
And, ſoon as born, with Decency expire.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in theſe Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Conſort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waſte in barren Joy.

Nigh this Receſs, with Terror they ſurvey,
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
In the cloſe Covert of a Cypreſs Grove,
Where *Goblins* friſk, and airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, moſt formidably wide;
And there the *Monarch*'s Triumphs are deſcry'd.
Within its dreadful Jaws thoſe Furies wait,
Which execute the harſh Decrees of Fate.

[1] *Febris* is firſt: The *Hag* relentleſs hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and ſees the Infant's Tears.

[1] *Feaver.*

In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then [2]*Hydrops* next appears amongſt the *Throng*;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor;
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her wat'ry Store.

Now loathſom [3]*Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd, offends the Sight.
She's deaf to Beauty's ſoft-perſuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.

Whilſt meager [4]*Phthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow;
Her Stroaks are ſure; but her Advances ſlow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the *Fortreſs* firſt; then takes the *Town*.

2 *Dropſie*. 3 *Leproſie*. 4 *Conſumption*.

Behind ſtood Crouds of much inferior Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celſus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The ſilent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Deſarts are deſcry'd;
And ſullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then ſhews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Paſſage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no Paſs-port to demand our Aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon*'s preſent ſtill at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Conſort owe
To Them the Peopling of their Realms below.

Then

Then in his ſwarthy Hand he graſp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddeſs and her Charge prepare
To breath the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celſus* ſpoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaſt, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who thoſe mangl'd *Manes* are, which ſhow
A ſullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiacum*, once your valu'd Friend.

And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent,
Am doom'd to ſtay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
Thoſe *Spectres* ſeam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endleſs Clamours my Repoſe:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Noſe:
And here they execute ſtern *Pluto*'s Will,
To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celſus* thus: O much lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you (were!
If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend;
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human Arts the Fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd *Harvy*'s Shade.

In

In vain th' unhappy Ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then riſing from the Ground, he ſhew'd the way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Aſcent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on high,
And taſte th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Looſe *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreſhing Sweets perfume the way.
Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

The *Delegate* obſerves, with wond'ring Eyes,
Ambroſial Dews deſcend, and Incenſe riſe.
Then haſtens onward to the penſive Grove,
The ſilent Manſion of diſaſtrous Love.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
Each conſcious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records ſome broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

His Miſtreſs here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt Eyes fix'd on the ſilent Ground:
Her Dreſs neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She ſeem'd the mournful Image of Deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring,
'Till the Green-ſickneſs and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſleſs Arms th' uphappy Maid.

Cold

Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood,
The Light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy Horrour ſhiver'd in his Look,
Then ſoftly in theſe gentle Words, He ſpoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your Looks diſorder'd, and your Boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping Flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome unfriendly Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell,
O that inſtead of Traſh you'd taken Steel!

Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive Air.
From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her Eyes.

They haſten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bleſs'd remain:
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to beſtow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Preſence knew.
Thus He——

Hail, blooming Goddeſs! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe Bleſſings Mortals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your Heav'nly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds Eaſe in Chains, or Anguiſh in a Crown.
With juſt Reſentments and Contempt you ſee
The mean Diſſentions of the Faculty;

How

How ſick'ning Phyſick hangs her penſive Head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade.
Her Son's ne'er rifle her Myſterious Store,
But ſtudy Nature leſs, and Lucre more.

I ſhow'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why ſpontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits, by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Ent*, and *Gliſſon* lye
In the Abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Diviſions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How Phyſick her loſt Luſtre may regain.

Haſte, and the matchleſs *Atticus* Addreſs,
From Heav'n, and great *Naſſau* he has the Mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his *Aſylum* ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and Learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy Claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying Eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous Poverty.
When-e'er he ſpeaks, Heav'ns! how the liſt'ning (Throng
Dwells on the melting Muſick of his Tongue.
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien,
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try,
Here, Lightning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft Breezes ſigh

To him you muſt your ſickly State refer,
Your Charter claims him as your Viſiter.

You

Your Wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your Science to the height it had before.

Then *Naſſau*'s Health ſhall be your glorious Aim,
His Life ſhou'd be as laſting as His Fame.
Some Princes Claims from Devaſtations ſpring,
He condeſcends in pity to be King:
And when, amidſt his *Olives* plac'd, He ſtands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:
Ev'n then not leſs a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd but *Apollo* ſome great Bard inſpire
With ſacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring Univerſe reſtore;
Fair *Albion*'s Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praiſe the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
The Earth's Repoſe, and Empire o'er the Main.

Still

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confeſs
They've ſtrove for Ruin long without ſucceſs.

Had ſome fam'd Heroe of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
But thus preſerv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
Aſpiring Columns ſoon had reach'd the Skies:
And whilſt the Capitol with *Io*'s ſhook,
The Statues of the Guardian Gods had ſpoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and *Celſus* with his Guide withdrew.

FINIS

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM